



## Select Poetry.

### THE SONG OF OLD.

Oh! sing once more that song for me,  
That soft and pleasant strain,  
Doth bring up pleasant memories  
Of childhood once again.  
Sing of the homestead dear the wood,  
The garden and the lawn;  
It seems so like my own dear home,  
The place where I was born.

And when I hear your plaintive voice,  
It brings to mind the time  
My mother sang sweet lays to me,  
Far in another clime.  
I seem to see her, even now,  
With that calm, placid smile,  
When she did soothe my childish griefs,  
My lonely hours beguile.

Alas! from earth she pass'd away,  
No one so true as she;  
No one to cheer this heavy heart,  
Or soothe this aching brow.  
Then sing once more that song for me,  
That sweet and gentle strain,  
Doth bring up pleasant memories  
Of childhood once again.

## An Interesting Story.

### LOSING A LEG TO GAIN A WIFE.

Translated from the German.

BY A. M. MILLER.

In the Fall of 1782 the celebrated surgeon, Louis Thewent, then practicing at Calais, received an anonymous letter, asking him to come on the next day to a country house near the road to Paris, and to bring with him everything necessary for an amputation.

Thewent was known at that time far and wide as the most skillful man in his profession. It would have been nothing strange if he had been called across the channel to England for the sake of his professional services, but still he wondered at this letter. Time, hour, place, were all specified with the greatest exactness, when and where he was expected; but as we have said, the note had no signature. Probably some one wishing to send me on "a fool's errand," thought he did not go.

Three days afterward he received a similar invitation even more pressing, adding that at nine o'clock the next morning a carriage would stop at his house to convey him to the place designated. In fact, as the clock struck nine a pretty, open carriage appeared; and Thewent with no further delay sprang into it.

"Who sent for me?" he asked as he got in.  
"I don't know," answered the driver.  
"I don't care."

"A pleasant beginning," thought Thewent.

The carriage stopped at last at the country house which had been described in the letter.  
"Who lives here?" he asked as he got out.  
The driver gave the same answer as before, and Thewent, not being satisfied, turned towards the house. At the door a handsome young man appearing to be about twenty-eight or thirty years old, received him, and conducted him up stairs into a large chamber. The young man's language showed him to be an Englishman.

"You have sent for me?" said Thewent in English, after the usual salutation had been courteously given on both sides.

"I am much obliged to you for coming," answered the Englishman. "Take a seat, sir; here is chocolate, coffee, wine. You had better take a lunch before you commence the operation."

"Thank you; but I must first see the patient and decide whether amputation is necessary."

"It is necessary, Dr. Thewent; take a seat and hear me out. I have perfect confidence in you. Here is a purse of two hundred guineas. I promise them to you as your fee for the operation which you are to perform. It makes no difference whether you are successful or not. On the other hand, if you hesitate to execute my wishes here is a loaded pistol, you are in my power, and I will blow your brains out."

"Sir, I am not afraid of your pistol. What do you want? Only say the word without any more circumlocutions. What am I to do here?"

"You must cut off my right leg."

"Very willingly, sir, if you wish it, and your head too. But so far as I can see, the leg appears perfectly sound. You sprang up the stairs before me like a roving dancer. What is the matter with the leg?"

"Nothing, but I want to get rid of it. You are a fool."

"That is none of your business, Dr. Thewent?"

"What crime has the beautiful leg committed?"

"None; but are you going to take it off?"

"Excuse me, sir, I do not know you. You must give me proof that you are in your right mind."

"Are you going to do what I ask, Dr. Thewent?"

"As soon as you give me a reasonable ground for doing it."

"I cannot tell you the truth now, perhaps I can in a year or so. But I will bet you, Doctor, that you yourself will say that my reasons are the noblest possible."

"I will not bet, sir, for you have not sold me your name, your place of residence, your family or your business."

"All that you shall know presently, not now. However I will tell you that I am a nobleman."

"A nobleman does not threaten his physician with a pistol. I have duties

even toward you unknown as you are. I will not murder an innocent man shoot on."

"Very well, Doctor," said the Englishman, taking up the pistol. "I will not shoot you, but I will compel you to take off my leg. What you will not do out of kindness, nor for the love of the reward, nor from fear of the bullet, you must do out of pity."

"How so, sir?"

"I will break my own leg with a bullet here before your eyes." The Englishman sat down and put the muzzle of the pistol to his knee. Thewent was about to spring forward and take the pistol from him.

"Don't move," said the Englishman, "answer me one question, will you needlessly increase and lengthen my pain?"

"You are a fool sir, but all right, I will take off your cursed leg."

All was prepared for the operation. As soon as the Doctor was ready to begin, the Englishman lit his pipe and swore it should not go out. He kept his word; the leg lay on the floor, the Englishman was still smoking.

Thewent did work like a master. By his skill the patient was cured in a tolerable short time. He paid the surgeon, whom he prized more highly every day, thanked him with tears of joy for the loss of his limb, and sailed back to England with a wooden leg.

About eighteen weeks after his departure, Thewent received a letter from England, running about as follows:

"You will find enclosed, as a mark of my gratitude, a check for two hundred guineas, on Messrs. Panchaud, Bankers, in Paris. You have made me the happiest of mortals in depriving me of a limb which alone stood in the way of my complete felicity."

"Now you can learn the cause of my foolish whim as you call it. You maintained then that there could be no reasonable ground for thus crippling oneself. I offered to let with you, you acted wisely and declined the bet."

"After my return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with Emily Harley, the most beautiful of women. Her wealth and family connections delighted my relations. I saw only her beauty, her heavenly grace. I joined the crowd of her admirers; and was fortunate enough to become the most fortunate of her suitors. She loved me, me alone of all men. She did not deny it, and for that very reason rejected me."

"In vain I sought her hand. In vain her parents her friends all begged for me. She remained inexorable."

"I was unable for a long time to find the reason for her declination to a marriage with me whom, as she herself confessed, she loved to distraction. One of her sisters at last told me the secret. Miss Harley was a wonder of beauty, but had one defect, she was lame; and on account of this deformity, she feared to become my wife. She thought that my feeling would change entirely when I discovered this."

"My resolution was immediately taken. There should be no difference between us. Thanks to you, my dear Thewent, there is none."

"I came back to London with my wooden leg, and my first act was to visit Miss Harley. They had heard already, in fact I had broken my leg by falling from my horse, and had had it amputated. Everybody pitied me. Emily fainted when she saw me for the first time, but she married me. On the day after the marriage, I for the first time imparted to her my secret; what a sacrifice I had made in order to obtain her. She loves me more tenderly. My dear Thewent, if I had ten legs to lose, I would give them without hesitation for my Emily. All my life will I thank you; come to London; visit us; see my noble wife; and then say, if you can, that I am a fool."

CHARLES TEMPLE.

Thewent told the story and showed the letter to his friends laughing till he was red in the face each time he told it.

"And he still remains a fool," he said.

"This was his answer."

"Sir—I thank you for your valuable present, for such I must call it since I cannot consider it a reward for my slight trouble. I congratulate you on your marriage with the most lovely of your countrywomen. It is true a leg is much to give even for a beautiful, virtuous and tender wife, but not too much if you are not cheated in the bargain. Adam had to give a rib for his wife. Others of us, too, pay for their wives with a rib, some with a head. Nevertheless, permit me to remain obstinately of my old opinion. True, for the present, you are right. You are living now in the paradise of the honeymoon. But I, too, am right with this difference, that the truth of what I say comes to light slowly, as those facts which men hesitate a long while to receive. I am afraid that in two years you will regret having had your leg amputated above the knee; below the knee would have done as well. In three years you will be convinced that the loss of a foot would have been enough. In four years you will consider the sacrifice of the great toe too much, and in six years you will agree with me that the paring of the nail would have been sufficient. All this without disparaging the worth of your amiable wife. The ladies may preserve their beauty and their virtues as men do their opinions. In my youth I would at any time have given my life for my lady-love, but not my leg. The former I would never have regretted; the latter I would certainly regret now. For if I had done so, I would be saying to myself to-day,

"Thewent you were a fool."

"I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,"

G. THEWENT.

In the year 1793, during the Reign of Terror, Thewent, being accused of aristocratic tendencies, fled to London to escape the knife of that great leveller, the guillotine. From want of something better to do, or in order to renew their old acquaintance, he enquired for Sir Charles Temple. He was directed to the palace, and, sending his name, he was immediately admitted. In an arm chair, with foaming porter on the side-board, surrounded by twenty newspapers, sat a corpulent gentleman. He could scarce rise, so fat had he become.

"Ah! happy to see you, Dr. Thewent," said the fat gentleman, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple. "Don't be offended, if I do not get up, this cursed wooden leg hinders me in every thing. Well, my friend, you come, I suppose, to see if you were not right?"

"I come as a refugee, and seek shelter with you."

"You must stay with me, for truly you are a wise man. You must console me, Thewent. I tell you I might to-day be admiral of the blue flag if this confounded wooden leg had not made me worthless for the service of my country. I am reading the newspapers now to curse myself black and blue that I can be of no importance. Come, console me."

"Your lady wife can console you better than I can."

"Not at all; her lameness kept her from dancing, and so she has devoted herself to her garden and her gossip; there is no getting along with her. In other respects, she is a very fine woman."

"So I was then right after all?"

"Oh, perfectly, my dear Thewent. But don't speak of it. I have acted like a blockhead. If I had my leg back again I would not give so much of it as the paring of a nail. Between ourselves, I was a fool. But keep this to yourself."

## Our Ohio.

### The Castles of England.

A letter from Stratford-on-Avon to the Philadelphia Press, describes the home and grave of Shakespeare. From thence the visitor bowled along the level and hedge-lined road, the air redolent with the breath of the hawthorn, the sweet-briar, and the laburnum, and the arching trees of England. The surrounding country is literally filled with the stately castles of ancient families.

What an unwritten yet forgotten poem it is, the humble grave of Shakespeare, in the centre of these ostentatious palaces! The unpretending poet, safe of his everlasting fame, and the living poet, spending his millions to keep his dead ancestors from oblivion. Within a short ride by rail is "Blenheim," the gorgeous estate of the Duke of Marlborough, well described as an "earthly paradise." It was presented by Queen Anne to the great duke after his glorious victory at Blenheim, and Parliament voted two millions five hundred thousand dollars for its adornment. The opulence that marked the original gift has been imitated by the profusion of the succeeding outlays to maintain its grandeur. A park of 2,700 acres filled with flocks of sheep and herds of deer—an artificial lake covering over two hundred acres—plants and flowers from every quarter of the known world—walks, waterfalls, and fountains—endless statuary—tapestries and paintings nearly two hundred years old, including ancient masterpieces of Rubens and Titian—a library two hundred feet long, containing nearly 18,000 volumes, the whole of these luxuries including in a building, the front of which is 350 feet in length—all to do honor to a successful general and his haughty duchess, who, notwithstanding his victories, is denounced by Macaulay as a corrupt, faithless and dangerous courtier. And all this vast expanse of soil and these priceless luxuries are left for nine months of the year to the care of a few servants, because the present owner can not bear the cost of living here, while hundreds and thousands of God's creatures are living and almost starving at his very gates! You thus can have an idea of what is called the territorial aristocracy of England. Eight miles from Shakespeare's grave is the stately castle of the Earl of Warwick, where, though the grounds are not so extensive as those of "Blenheim," the minor objects are scarcely less costly.

Here, indeed, the Muse of History can recall the past and forecast the future; but the contrast between the enduring renown of a great genius like Shakespeare and the fleeting fame of those who live only on their prince's favors remains the same. "Kenilworth" is in the same locality. I wandered among its moss-covered ruins—all unroofed and deserted as they are—and traced the lines of the huge structure which three hundred years ago re-echoed to the revelry of the royal courtiers and their retainers, and re-read in the fascinating pages of Sir Walter Scott, the bitter rivalries of Essex and Leicester, and the sad fate of Amy Robsart, the splendid progress of Queen Elizabeth from London, as described by the Wizard of the North; and I fancied the crowds that thronged the roads and filled the broad demesne around the residence of the handsome favorite. Not far off is "Chatsworth," the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, far more expensive, though more modern than "Blenheim."

Here I found a park of two thousand acres, and over six thousand deer; a palace of quadrangular form, with an open court in the middle, in the centre of which is a splendid fountain. It is impossible to describe the works of art and the money spent to adorn an establishment occupied only exceptionally by its titled owner. The gardens and conservatory are the gems. They were planned and laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, who was formerly a common gardener of the Duke's, and whose salary was larger than that of the President of the United States. Close at hand is Haddon Hall, another old castle, with large grounds, and in the same circle is Newstead Abbey, the abode of Lord Byron, now owned and occupied by Col. Wildman, a gentleman of cultivation and taste. But among all the splendors of these gorgeous habitations and almost imperial estates, I could not forget much was wasted and lost that ought to be distributed among the people, and how securely and easily the fame of Shakespeare was preserved amid the expensive extravagance of the aristocracy to keep its empty names alive.

Rosa Bonheur.

A Paris correspondent tells an anecdote of Rosa Bonheur and a little girl, daughter of a friend, to whom the artist was much attached. The child had acquired a habit, in which she persisted, of making a series of disgusting grimaces, constantly putting her fingers in her mouth, puffing out her cheeks, and even bringing her tongue into play in the service of her peculiar line of disfigurement. Naturally every means of cure was tried, but in vain. The child only grimaced the more. Mlle Bonheur, unknown to her, sketched some separate contortions, adding a comic expression to the features, but perfectly preserving the likeness. The sketches were bound in an album and presented, without any observation, to the young delinquent, who turned over the sketches in silence and was never seen to grimace again.

We have little trouble to forget our sins, if they are not known to others.

The following pithy description of young belles and beaux of a century ago will compare not unfavorably with their counterparts of the present day.

As this description is, however, more applicable to a bridal occasion, it will not suit the present fashions in every particular.

To begin with a lady. Her looks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that set like an incubus upon her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on the top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a dollar, containing her miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braided up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back, plentifully befringed, while his eye projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

The Empty Cradle.

Only a little empty cradle. The tiny ruffled pillow bearing yet the impress of the baby-head; the downy bed yet marked by the round limbs that so lately pressed it. Only an empty cradle; but, mother-love hath hallowed it, and my dead baby's bed is holy. Oh, I can see it yet—the hushed, still house, the faltering steps, the tearful faces, the great dark parlor, and the tiny casket gleaming out white and gaily! Only as yesterday they lie before me, snow-white lilies strewn above my dead Lillie, cold as her sister flowers. Oh! golden curls, will you nestle upon thy mother-heart no more? Sweet violet eyes, will you never again look into mine with shy, questioning glances—beautiful eyes that have not yet lost the look of the angels. Knocked lips, will you never again press mine, will you always be so cold and still as now? Oh! my God, my baby is dead, my Lillie is faded, my beautiful bird has flown from me; and I am alone alone! White lilies closed over violet eyes, golden curls shivering a coffin pillow, baby lips that never learned to lip "mama," stilled forever, and pale as faded rosebuds. Dimpled waxen hands, white as the lilies folded within them, clasped over a breast that never hath known guile. Stilled forever is the pattering of the tiny feet so lately wandered from the paths of angels. Oh, my beautiful one, my little white lily! Plucked with the dew of Christ's heaven still upon her, dead while God's angels still whisper in slumber. Gone—ere my young arms had scarce learned to clasp her. My first little baby—and I am left alone with only my cradle. God help me!

Plain Speech to Mothers.

Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, who has had large and long experience in the medical treatment of mothers and children, gave a public address lately on matters of hygiene. He spoke most plainly to mothers who send their children to the grave by exposing arms and legs, while other parts of the body are warmly dressed. Mothers, he continued, committed child-murder, and then wonder how God could be so unkind as to take away their darlings. They not only murder their children, but, in his opinion, commit suicide themselves by exposing their necks to the cold air. It was a puzzle which he could not understand, that women should cut off the top of their dresses and appear with bare bosoms in refined society, while that part of the dress which should protect the heart and lungs, and other vital organs, is trailing in the mud.

Not to speak of health at the present moment, we would remark that the exhibition of a semi-nude breast seldom approaches to the classical standard of harmonious proportions of parts and fullness of outline, and is rarely suggestive of beauty and loveliness. The inquisitive observer feels himself quite at a loss to know the precise line of division between which fashion claims for exposure and the rest which modesty would conceal. The boundary is too changeable. More ought to be left to the imagination, and less to be condemned by good taste. But if mothers and full-grown daughters insist on being the victims of fashion, children ought to be exempt from its insane and cruel requirements.

Boquets.—The Belgian florists are said to practice a plan by which they have brought in fair condition even in damp or cold weather, for a week or ten days. They change the water in which they are kept every other day, cut off with sharp scissors a quarter of an inch of the stems, and put a pinch of salt and a grain of saltpetre into the water. If very much faded, the stems may be put into hot water for a minute or two, into high wines, caude-cologne or ammonia.

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Here I found a park of two thousand acres, and over six thousand deer; a palace of quadrangular form, with an open court in the middle, in the centre of which is a splendid fountain. It is impossible to describe the works of art and the money spent to adorn an establishment occupied only exceptionally by its titled owner. The gardens and conservatory are the gems. They were planned and laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, who was formerly a common gardener of the Duke's, and whose salary was larger than that of the President of the United States. Close at hand is Haddon Hall, another old castle, with large grounds, and in the same circle is Newstead Abbey, the abode of Lord Byron, now owned and occupied by Col. Wildman, a gentleman of cultivation and taste. But among all the splendors of these gorgeous habitations and almost imperial estates, I could not forget much was wasted and lost that ought to be distributed among the people, and how securely and easily the fame of Shakespeare was preserved amid the expensive extravagance of the aristocracy to keep its empty names alive.

Rosa Bonheur.

A Paris correspondent tells an anecdote of Rosa Bonheur and a little girl, daughter of a friend, to whom the artist was much attached. The child had acquired a habit, in which she persisted, of making a series of disgusting grimaces, constantly putting her fingers in her mouth, puffing out her cheeks, and even bringing her tongue into play in the service of her peculiar line of disfigurement. Naturally every means of cure was tried, but in vain. The child only grimaced the more. Mlle Bonheur, unknown to her, sketched some separate contortions, adding a comic expression to the features, but perfectly preserving the likeness. The sketches were bound in an album and presented, without any observation, to the young delinquent, who turned over the sketches in silence and was never seen to grimace again.

We have little trouble to forget our sins, if they are not known to others.

The following pithy description of young belles and beaux of a century ago will compare not unfavorably with their counterparts of the present day.

As this description is, however, more applicable to a bridal occasion, it will not suit the present fashions in every particular.

To begin with a lady. Her looks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that set like an incubus upon her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on the top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a dollar, containing her miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braided up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top











## Select Poetry.

### LITTLE FEET SO GLAD AND GAY.

Little feet, so glad and gay,  
Making music all the day,  
Tiptoeing merrily along,  
Filling all my heart with song—  
Well I love your music sweet:  
Patter, patter, little feet.

Sometimes anxious, I must know  
Just what way these feet would go;  
Praying oft that all be fair,  
Nor thorns or roughness anywhere;  
That flowers may spring their steps to greet;  
Patter, patter, little feet.

But then I think that some have trod,  
Through thorns and briars, nearer God;  
Though weak in faith, still I would dare  
To offer up the earnest prayer,  
That Christ would choose whose'er is meet:  
Patter, patter, little feet.

I press them in my hands at night,  
And kiss them with a new delight,  
Believing that when they go,  
My tender Lord will lead them so;  
They'll wander long the golden street;  
Patter, patter, little feet.

## Public Affairs.

### PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION The War Office Difficulty.

President Johnson removes Mr. Stanton from the War Office and appoints Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas as Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton is released on bail—Write of quo warranto against Mr. Stanton, who remains in the War Department and surrounds it by a Military Guard.

There was considerable excitement in Washington on Friday last, caused by the removal of Mr. Stanton from the War Department, and the appointment of Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas, as Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton was notified by the Speaker of the House of the facts. The newly appointed Secretary, General Lorenzo Thomas, called upon Mr. Stanton and informed him that he had accepted the appointment.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, under date of Sunday last, writes: "The War Office excitement flamed out afresh in the city at an early hour on Saturday morning, having been kept up all Friday night in Secretary Stanton's office in the War Department building. The events of Friday closed with the announcement of the action of the Senate, in executive session, refusing to confirm the President's appointment of Gen. Lorenzo Thomas as Secretary of War, and removal of Mr. Stanton from the War Office, and also of the refusal of Mr. Stanton to turn over the office to General Thomas, as directed by the President, and of his remaining at the War Office for the night. A number of members of Congress visited him during Friday evening, and remained preparing for the steps to be taken on Saturday in resisting the orders of the President. Generals Pile, of Missouri, and Farnsworth, of Illinois, and Samuel Hooper, of Massachusetts, remained until after midnight. Messrs. Schenck and Judd, of the House, remained until 3 A. M. and Senator Thayer, of Nebraska, spent the entire night with the Secretary. The two latter took a few hours' rest toward morning, each occupying a lounge. Early in the morning the Secretary was again visited by many of his friends, and held quite a levee, while partaking of his breakfast, which had been sent him from his house.

After breakfast yesterday morning the city became intensely excited by the arrest of General Lorenzo Thomas on a warrant from Judge Carter, Chief Justice of the District Supreme Court, founded upon the tenure of civil office law and the affidavit of Mr. Stanton, which had been prepared during Friday night. At 7 o'clock Gen. Pile delivered to the Marshal of the District, D. S. Gooding, the warrant, duly signed by Judge Carter, attested by the clerk, and addressed to the Marshal.

The warrant issued by Judge Carter for the arrest of General Thomas was placed in the hands of Marshal Gooding at seven A. M. Saturday. The marshal, accompanied by his deputy, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Morgan Chandler, proceeded to General Thomas' residence. The general, was just taking breakfast at the time of the arrival of the officers, but upon being informed by Marshal Gooding of the object of their visit he left the meal unfinished and accompanied them to the City Hall. Although the arrest and the preliminaries thereto had been conducted as quietly as possible, the news was soon noised abroad, and there were a number of persons at the City Hall waiting to see the result.

General Thomas was conducted to the marshal's office, where Chief Justice Carter was waiting his arrival, and was required to give bail in the sum of five thousand dollars to appear at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning. He requested permission to visit the President, which was granted, and he thereupon proceeded, under escort of Marshal Gooding and Mr. Phillips, to the White House. He had a hasty conference with the President, whom he informed of the state of affairs, and then returned to the City Hall. It was about 11 A. M. when the required bail was furnished by Mr. George R. Hall, carriage maker, of this city, and M. A. Eliason, tanner, of Georgetown, and General Thomas was again in enjoyment of his personal freedom.

Secretary of War, and he intended to do it. Mr. Stanton again replied that he would not, and again ordered him to his own room, and denied the power of the President to make any such order.

General Thomas said he would not go; that he should obey the orders of the President, and not obey the orders of Mr. Stanton.

Mr. Stanton remarked, as Secretary of War, I order you to repair to your own place as Adjutant General.

Gen. Thomas.—I shall not do so.

Mr. Stanton.—Then you may stay here as long as you please, if the President orders you, but you cannot act as Secretary of War.

General Thomas.—I shall act as Secretary of War.

General Thomas then withdrew into a room opposite, being General Shriver's room.

Mr. Stanton immediately, followed by others, went after General Thomas, and after some conversation, Mr. Stanton said: "Then you claim to be here as Secretary of War, and refuse to obey my orders?"

General Thomas.—I do so, sir. I shall require the mails for the War Department to be delivered to me, and shall transact all the business of the War Department.

General Thomas subsequently called at the White House and had another interview with the President, but what passed between them was not known. During Saturday afternoon General Thomas went again to the War Department building, but the doors were closed by previous order, and he was refused admission.

A person who subsequently called at the department with a communication addressed to General Thomas as Secretary of War was informed by the officer of the guard that no person by that name was there recognized as acting in that capacity. The officers of the department have all recognized Mr. Stanton as the proper source of authority, and paid no attention to the claims of Thomas. No new developments had been made at the War Department up to a late hour last night. The Secretary was still in his office, making himself quite at home, and receiving large numbers of his friends, who called to pay their respects, express their appreciation of his firmness and courage, or assure him of their support and approval.

A correspondent of the New York Herald had a conversation with the President after the state dinner on Friday night, and gives in Saturday's Herald what purports to be a report of what transpired. According to him, the President said his action in superseding Mr. Stanton had long been determined upon, and that his delay to put his plan in execution had not been produced by any fear of the bugbear of impeachment. We clip the following portion of the report:

Correspondent.—What will the Senate do, Mr. President, under that resolution, if you still insist upon having Gen. Thomas act as Secretary of War?

The President.—I don't see that they can do anything. The resolution itself is the end of the matter, so far as the Senate is concerned, unless the House presents articles of impeachment and the Senate undertakes to try the Executive and resolves itself into a high court of impeachment.

Correspondent.—Do you really think Congress will attempt impeachment, Mr. President?

The President.—I don't know, indeed; nor do I care. It would make very little difference to me.

Your correspondent here asked what the President would do in the event of the passage of Mr. Edmunds' bill of suspension, to which the President answered substantially: "Sir, I would not obey the law, if they attempted to suspend me. The law is clearly unconstitutional. There is a point against it which you gentlemen of the press seem to have entirely overlooked. The Bill of Senator Edmunds undertakes to try the Executive and resolves itself into a high court of impeachment. Congress will attempt impeachment, Mr. President?"

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Your correspondent remarked that certain radicals might argue that a persistence in keeping Mr. Stanton out of office, after the Senate declaring his removal contrary to law, and after the proposed passage of Mr. Edmunds' suspension bill, would be bringing the question out of the operation of an *ex post facto* law.

The President replied that that could not alter the case, as the offence charged would still be the removal of Mr. Stanton—an act performed before the passage of the proposed law.

The President has directed Attorney General Stanbery to apply to the Supreme Court of the United States to-morrow morning for a writ *quo warranto* against Mr. Stanton, thus bringing the constitutionality of the tenure-of-office law directly before the court, and obtaining a speedy adjudication of the conflict.

Hon. Thomas Ewing, senior, will be tomorrow nominated by the President as Secretary of War, vice Stanton, removed.

This nomination was prepared yesterday, but the Senate adjourned before the President's secretary, Colonel Moore, reached the Capitol.

Mr. Ewing is well known as an old-line whig, was Secretary of the Interior under President Taylor, is a lawyer of distinction, was a supporter of the war for the Union, and is one of the most prominent members of the Union conservative party.

The excitement has slightly abated. Mr. Stanton is still lodging and feeding in the War Department.

Encouragement to Congress.

HARRISBURG, Pa. February, 23.—Gov. Geary yesterday sent the following:

Hon. Simon Cameron, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.—The news to-day has created a profound sensation in Pennsylvania. The spirit of '61 seems again to pervade the Keystone State. Troops are rapidly tendering their services to sustain the laws. Let Congress stand firm.

JOHN W. GEARY.

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ALFRED G. COX, AGENT,  
Jan 18—6m

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WM. L. BUCKS,  
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Elkton, Md., January 18, 1868—1y

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